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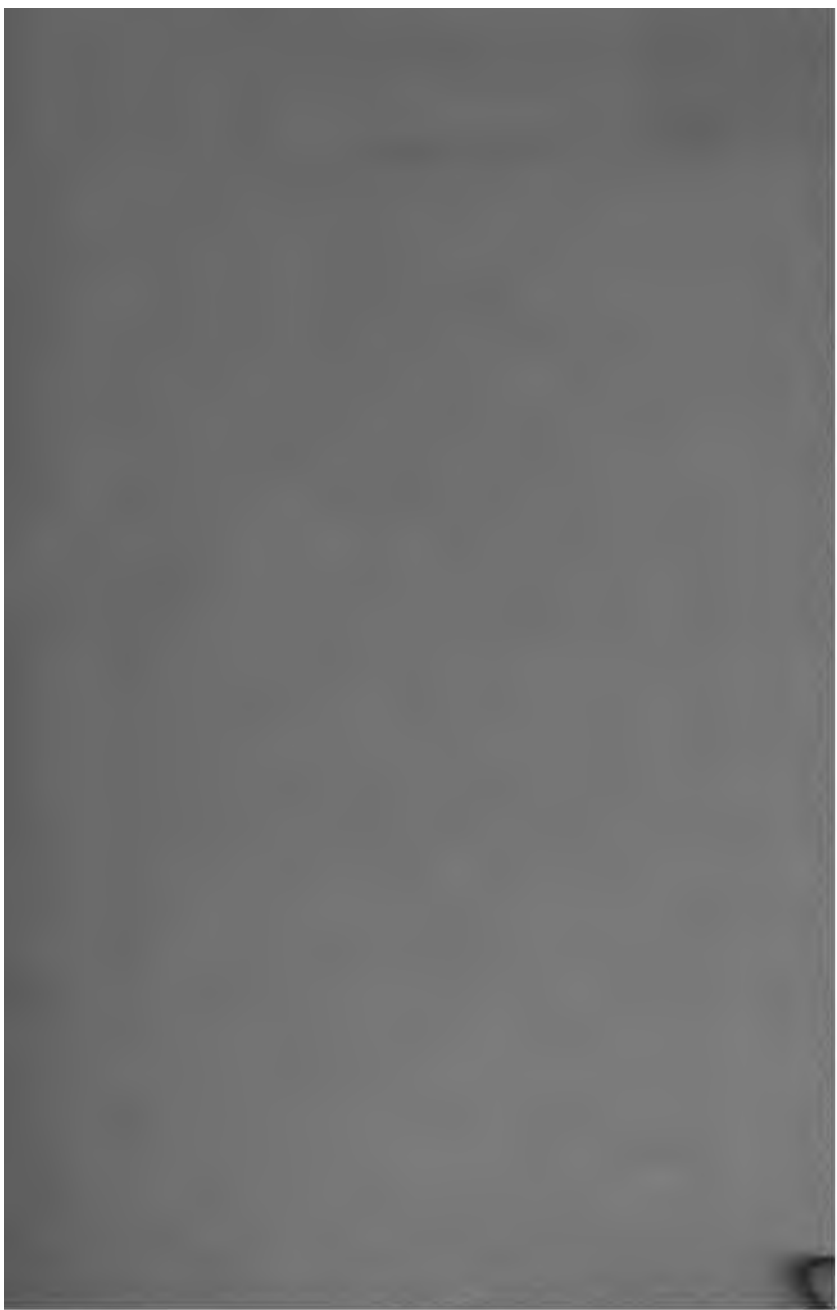
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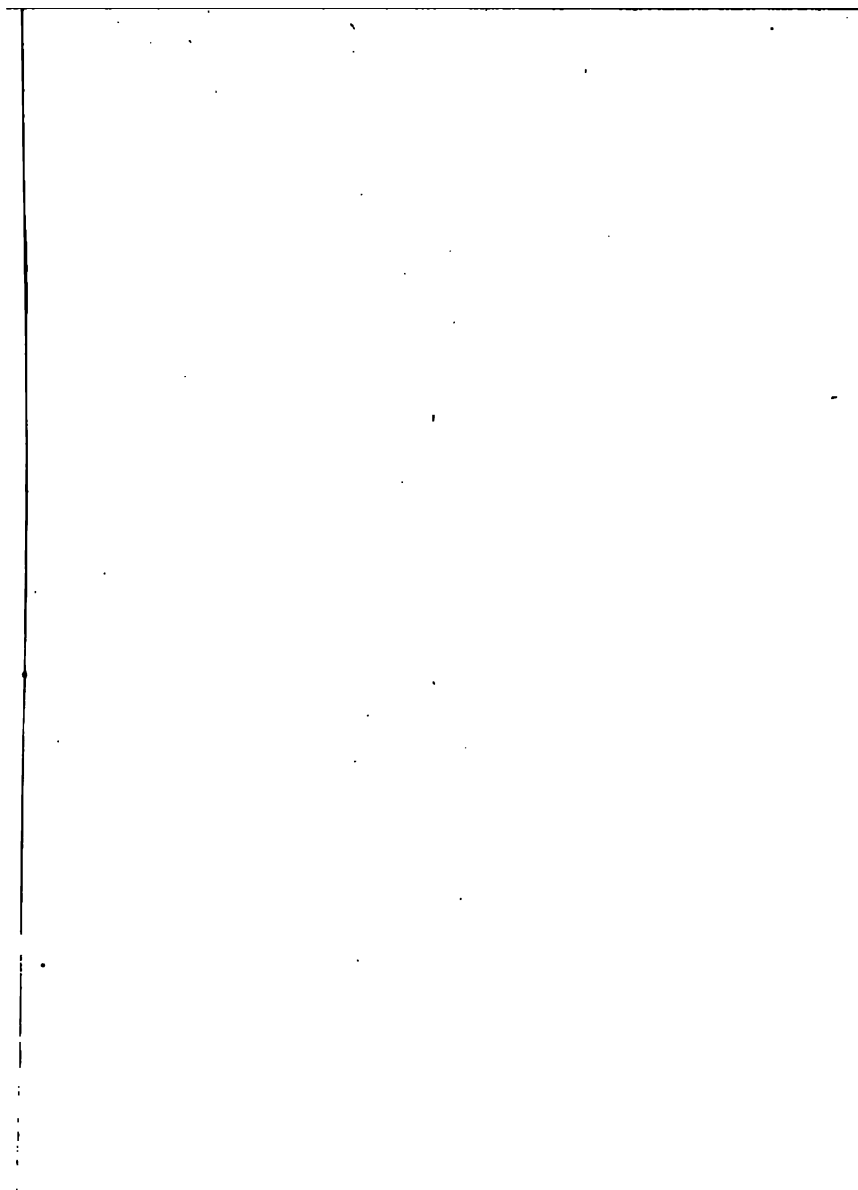
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①

# SAINT INDEFATIGABLE

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF AMARANCY  
PAINE SARLE

BY *Franklin*  
WILLIAM F. DAVIS  
    



BOSTON  
D. LOTHROP AND COMPANY

FRANKLIN STREET

1883

2<sup>nd</sup> . 1893

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## PREFACE.

IN the brief contribution to the lives of the Saints contained in the following pages, it is hoped that the lustre of the subject will more than atone for infelicity of style or treatment.

Though perfectionists pose, and holysm reposes in plentiful self-complacency among us, yet the present age is not afflicted with a plethora of holiness. A genuine nineteenth century saint is a *rara avis*. Whoever reads this sketch will soon discover that "Amarancy" was not a conventional Saint.

She was no ghostly dame,  
Attired in serge or lasting,  
No sickly, pining nun,  
Grown thin with pious fasting.

In truth, Saint Indefatigable was the most folksy of folks.

The original of the photograph here presented is a pen picture of Mrs. Sarle, executed from life, and to the life, by Miss Sarah J. Eddy, of Providence, R. I., who has also painted a portrait of our friend of rare fidelity. The numberless friends of Mrs. Sarle may be glad to know that Miss Eddy may place this portrait on permanent free exhibition, in the hall of the Olneyville Free Reading Room and Public Library, as soon as that useful institution shall be domiciled in a suitable building.

WILLIAM F. DAVIS.

MT. WASHINGTON, *Chelsea, Mass.*,

August 1, 1883.

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## SAINT INDEFATIGABLE.

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### I.

#### AMARANCY.

ON Tuesday morning, the fourth of April, 1882, the most remarkable woman in Rhode Island, Mrs. Amarancy Paine Sarle, entered into her rest.

On the afternoon of the following Sunday, public services commemorative of Mrs. Sarle's life and character, were held by the Olneyville Free Baptist Church, of which she was a member.

The meeting-house was thronged. Young and old, rich and poor, the learned and ignorant, clergy and laity, widows and orphans, testified by words, by looks, by gestures, and by silence, their sense of personal bereavement in Mrs. Sarle's death, and hundreds went away unable to gain admittance to the house.

The life whose close in the city of Providence was thus publicly honored, began in humble obscurity in the town of Smithfield, about a mile from the village of Greenville.



Early in the present century, Squire Paine, not a lawyer, but a farmer, of Rhode Island, whose farm lay partly in each of the contiguous towns of Smithfield and Johnston, after the death of his wife, married a second wife, Amy Hills, "a good domestic woman," who was much beloved, and proved an excellent mother to the children of his first marriage, and who became, on December 17, 1812, the mother of a little girl, Amarancy. In June, 1816, Mr. Paine died. A few years later we catch occasional glimpses of the little maid with the deathless name, at six, seven, and eight years of age, trudging to the district school taught by her older half-sister. Her appetite for learning seems to have been only whetted, not sated, by the school work. The leisure moments out of school which her mates passed in childish amusements, she spent reading every book upon which she could lay her young hands.

The neighbors thought her a queer, sedate, old-fashioned child, and blamed Mrs. Paine for indulging her little girl's fondness for reading. But the wiser mother knew well that her daughter was no mere book-worm. The zeal which kept her at the head of her class in school, and sent her eager eyes chasing through scores of volumes out of school, made her diligent in all labor, and nimble-footed as a gazelle.

Her surviving brother, Olney, now eighty-five years

old, says of her: "Amarancy always would be first. If it was only picking huckleberries, she had to beat everybody else."

The death of this brother Olney's wife, in the year 1825, occasioned the removal of his step-mother, Mrs. Paine, to Foster, R. I., where she kept his house during many years, and where Amarancy taught district school.

During her girlhood she also found employment in one of the Rhode Island manufactories. Thus in her progress to womanhood, Amarancy was brought into most intimate association with three great departments of work and workers, — agricultural, mechanical, and literary.

Facts are not at hand for determining the precise date of her conversion, but on the tenth of September, 1837, a few months before her twenty-fifth birthday, Amarancy Paine joined the church in Olneyville.

This church had then been in existence but nine years, and had an interesting origin.

The pastor, Martin Cheney, was for years ringleader of the dissipated youth of "Sleepy Hollow," or "Tar Bridge," as the village of Olneyville was formerly called.

In 1821 he was converted, and the change was radical. Seven years later, November 7, 1828, the little band of Christians who had been gathering around him, and urging him to become their pastor, organized

themselves together into a church, by the adoption of a covenant drafted by Cheney.

They adopted the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as the rule by which all their proceedings should be governed and directed, and closed the meeting for organization by signing their names to the covenant, and kneeling, with joined hands, "in solemn prayer before the Lord." This church numbered eleven persons, including the pastor.

In August, 1837, one month before Amarancy Paine joined this church, and less than nine years after it was founded, its membership had increased to two hundred and sixty-five, and its pastor was recognized as among the foremost preachers of Rhode Island.

Its growth and prosperity appear to have been neither the consequence nor cause of lax discipline and indifference to prevalent vices and sins. At the last mentioned date,—August, 1837,—the church adopted as a rule the resolution, "That we admit none to membership in the church who make or sell ardent spirits as a beverage, who use it themselves, or furnish it to others for a like purpose."

Consistently with this rule, fermented wine was early banished from the communion table. Desecration of the Lord's Day and theatre going were specially prohibited.

On the eighteenth of April, 1839, the church called a special meeting to discuss the slavery question.

Their attitude on this question at that date may be judged from the resolutions unanimously adopted by the meeting, an abstract of which is here given:

1. *Resolved*, That the buying and selling of human beings, the making merchandise of men, women and children, the trading in the bodies and souls of men \* \* \* \* is a grievous sin against God.

2. *Resolved*, That slave-holding \* \* \* \* is an outrageous violation of the principles of justice, of the dictates of humanity and of the inalienable rights of man, and is directly opposed to the commands of God, and to the spirit and precepts of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

3. *Resolved*, That it is with sorrow of heart that we learn that the above named sins are practised, tolerated, and defended in certain of the American churches \* \* \* \*

6. *Resolved*, That we invite all the churches of our blessed Redeemer, and all the ministers of his holy religion, especially those of our own denomination, to bear their solemn and decided testimony, in public and in private, against the sin of slavery, and to use their \* \* \* \* influence for the removal of this foul stain from our nation, and this deadly sin from our churches.

The radical anti-slavery resolutions thus early and unanimously adopted by the Olneyville Church, illustrate the sentiment already prevailing throughout the Free Will Baptist denomination with which the church had become associated.

The American Anti-Slavery Society was organized in December, 1833; a little over five years before the adoption of the resolutions just referred to.

*The Morning Star*, the denominational publication of the Free Will Baptists, boldly declared for the young reform, and from the year 1834 onward, was an unwavering and an uncompromising anti-slavery sheet.

"The anti-slavery record of the Free Will Baptists," says Theodore Weld, "is a trail of light."

Soon the entire denomination presented nearly a solid front for freedom, Pastor Cheney and his church figuring conspicuously.

Among the laity of that church, a female figure was specially prominent. Her name, "Sister Amarancy," appears frequently on the church records, sometimes alone, sometimes in conjunction with others as a committee to visit the strangers, the afflicted, the distressed and the erring; and the record of the discharge of her duties in such cases never lags far behind the notice of her appointment.

But diligent as were her labors for those within the Christian fold, her toil and care for those outside were so great that it would seem as if she joined the church chiefly for the sake of learning how she might do most for the world. "Ye are the light of the world," said Jesus to his disciples.

There were poor children,—dark-skinned, orphaned, half-starved, and ragged,—fitting about in squalid alleys of Providence in those days. A few Christian women united to establish the "Colored Orphans' Shelter" for them on North Main street, and thither went Amarancy to let her light shine as a teacher.

Even in the Olneyville Church a color-line was visible in the public services, and Sister Amarancy

left the family pew in the body of the house, to join the little knot of worshippers of African descent, who occupied seats in the gallery.

But her generous nature was soon to be put to a severer test than was involved in deliberately crossing the color-line in the church. The earnest young schoolmistress from Foster was coming under the sway of a great moral reform, and such a reform is a spring freshet. It bursts burdensome fetters of ice, it also demolishes good bridges. It quickly transforms wide domains of bleak snow-fields into green pastures, but it also washes the fertile soil quite away from many a fair garden, or buries it deep under a deposit of sand, stones, and rubbish.

The rush, the roar, the moving might of the resistless waters are splendid to behold, but woe to him whose possessions lie along the wild stream's track.

A torrent rushing in its might  
Is a majestic thrilling sight,  
But who would ride safe on that tide  
A master hand the craft must guide.

Out from beside Siloam's rock-gushing rill, in the church, our Amarancy soon hurried to join the rising young torrent of anti-slavery agitators.

## II.

### CHAOS.

**T**WENTY years before the breaking out of our civil war, the anti-slavery agitators of the United States were a mixed multitude. They were agreed in only one thing, that American negro slavery must cease. But slavery was buttressed by the federal constitution, grasping the reins of government, caressed in many churches, grafted upon society, and rooted in commerce.

The friends of slavery affirmed that the abolition of that peculiar institution could only be accomplished by the nullification of every other compact, divine and human. Not a few abolitionists admitted the condition and advocated the conclusion.

Any complete history of the anti-slavery agitation would reveal much of internal commotion and dissension among the most trusted leaders of that glorious movement. Some were for peace, like the Quakers, and were extreme advocates of total non-resistance others, like John Brown, were for waging a war manumission.

The sentiments of the former as set forth in the "Declaration adopted by the Peace Convention, held in Boston September 18th, 19th, and 20th, 1838," were extremely radical, as a brief extract from their printed proclamation shows:

"We cannot acknowledge allegiance to any human government; neither can we oppose any such government by a resort to physical force. . . . We conceive that if a nation has no right to defend itself against foreign enemies, or to punish its invaders, no individual possesses that right in his own case. . . . The dogma that all the governments of the world are approvingly ordained of God, and that *the powers that be* in the United States, in Russia, and in Turkey, are in accordance with his will, is not less absurd than impious. . . . We believe that the penal code of the old covenant, *An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, has been abrogated by Jesus Christ.*"

On the wide margins of this printed declaration are penned the following annotations, taken from the New Testament, in Amarancy's hand, followed by her abbreviated signature:

1. Submit yourself to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake whether it be to the king as supreme,
2. Or unto governors as unto them that are sent by him for the punishment of evil-doers and the praise of them that do well.
3. Honor all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honor the king.  
My peace principles,  
A's'y.



Three years later this placid equanimity was disturbed.

The industry with which Garrison, Phillips, Foster, Pillsbury and Rogers attacked the churches forty years ago, is still remembered.

"You tell us," said an anti-slavery clergyman who had patiently observed the proceedings of an all-day convention of the abolitionists in Dover, N. H., in 1841, "that we must come out of the churches if we wish for peace. Will you be kind enough to inform us what we are to come out to? There has been more of strife and dissension in your convention to-day than in any church conference that I ever attended. Suppose we come out from the churches, whom shall we join?"

"I don't know," replied Garrison, "but you must come out from the churches." Parker Pillsbury thought he knew, and rose to explain.

"The querist is no doubt a clergyman," said he. "He is probably a product of one of the factories where ministers are manufactured. I can sympathize with him, having had the benefit of the training of two such institutions. I am like the young man who was told by a Quaker that he reminded him of a calf he once raised by feeding him with the milk of two cows. 'And what was the consequence?' asked the young man. 'He became a very big calf,' replied the Quaker."

"The speaker need carry his illustration no further," interposed the clergyman; "the convention can assure themselves at a glance how apt is the illustration which the gentleman furnishes."

A storm of laughter shook the crowded audience. Everybody but Pillsbury yielded to the first impulse of merriment. Even he soon discovered how preposterous would be any further attempts on his part to explain. He sat down and joined in the laugh. The general amnesty of good feeling produced by the calf illustration was improved by Garrison, after the uproarious mirth had subsided, to move an adjournment, and the turbulent convention poured out from the court-house brimming with the light froth of a harmless mirth. But mischievous currents of inchoate hostility flowed beneath the foaming surface.

The records of the Olneyville Church show that an effort was made at a special church meeting held November 20th of this same year, 1841, to erect a dike against the encroachments of the rising anti-slavery freshet.

At that meeting the question was debated, "Shall we, for the advancement of any benevolent object, seek instruction from those who deny that Christ is the Savior, . . . and who are opposed to all organization of Church or State, and to the marriage covenant; who deny the Bible, except so much as they may choose to select to answer their own par-

ticular views, . . . . but believe that there is a God, and that they are particles of the same?"

This question was discussed, and the discussion continued at the next church meeting, again postponed, and again renewed. Finally the discussion had to be followed by discipline.

The following March at a special church meeting a committee was appointed "to visit Jeremiah Runnalds and ascertain his views in regard to the covenant of the church as an organized body." Ten days later the case came up in a church meeting at which Runnalds was present.

He stated that "he did not feel himself bound by the covenant of the church *as an organized body*." (The italics exhibit the ground of Runnald's defection as alleged by himself.) "He did not think the church as an organized body was according to gospel rules; and he therefore felt to do all he could to tear down the church as an organized body."

"As he could not walk with the church, voted to drop him from the church records."

Next, "Sister Amarancy Paine made a request to have her name dropped from the church, stating that she had altered her views in regard to church organization, and thought she could not walk with the church. Voted to grant her request."

What next! Is the dike to be broken down? Shall the church be dissolved? Will the torrent overleap

every barrier? Shall there be an end of all compacts for good?

Yes; if N. P. Rogers, editor of the *Herald of Freedom*, confessedly one of the purest men and most trenchant writers among the anti-slavery leaders, is to lead and to be followed.

In the progress of his frenzied hatred of the abuses of organized effort, he flung himself at last from the precipice of essential disorganization. From that logical outcome of destructive agitation, Garrison turned back betimes. Poor Rogers proceeded to his solitary self-immolation with bitter fortitude.

In a letter written by him from Concord, N. H., October 20, 1845, to "Dear friend Amaraney Paine," touching an anti-slavery meeting to be held at Rhode Island the following week, at which he hoped to be present, he says: "The thought flashes bitterly across me at this moment that our own dear Garrison can be no more with us. He has come to the point in his development of life, where he has become the tyrant. The circumstances that encircle him have bereft him of truth and freedom, and he acts as others do in his condition,—as the priests do, only the more vehemently oppressive and injurious from the heightened nature of his character."

In another letter dated Plymouth, N. H., April 3, 1846, Rogers reveals the wounds which the thorns he was sowing made in his own flesh, and diligently

sows for a second harvest of the same crop. He inquires after old friends, and writes: "It pains me that I can have so little association with them. How goes on anti-slavery with you? I hope *Individuality* goes strong, so that you can't stop for the *organics*. How easy it is to transfer love from a cause to its machinery and to mistake the spirit of party and love of sect for love of the Truth and of Humanity. The more I experience and see, the firmer I am convinced of the intrinsic iniquity of coöperation in a *good movement*. Nothing can stand the test of time and advancement but individual position. There can be no plotting and tyranny then, no cliqueship, and everything will stand on its merits, and everybody."

These extreme divergencies, counter movements, and extravagant utterances of the anti-slavery leaders, were sufficiently perplexing, but who shall describe the wild quixotism of the motley mob which flocked to their standard. The night hags of spiritualism and free love, the fomenters of social, civil, domestic, and religious anarchy, with tongues set on fire of hell, were filling the air with brawling disorder, and steaming their hot beds with the heat generated by the anti-slavery reform.

### III.

#### THE RHODE ISLAND ANTI-SLAVERY WOMAN-OF-ALL-WORK.

**N**OTWITHSTANDING the extreme views of her anti-slavery associates acting upon a sensitive and generous nature had availed to sweep Amarancy quite clear from her church moorings, yet under these exciting circumstances she did not throw away chart, compass, or log-book.

Pastor Cheney wrote her in a tone of tender remonstrance, affectionately warning her of her danger and mistake in forsaking the Christian assembly. Although during twenty-seven years she failed to return, she appears to have never allowed the spirit of disorganization which prompted the withdrawal, to influence her again.

Embarked above the boiling current of agitation for reform, on a roughly extemporized anti-slavery raft instead of the gospel life-boat, she instinctively became the embodiment of the genius of conservatism in the midst of her comrades, though never for a moment losing sight of individual rights of conscience and of speech.


A letter from a lady friend residing at Pawtucket, dated June, 1842, assumes that "Miss Paine" will soon receive it if it is addressed to her at the Rhode Island anti-slavery headquarters in Providence, and refers to an unsuccessful suitor by the name of Bliss. "I acknowledge myself very much surprised," says the writer, "that you should manifest the least reluctance to make a final exchange of Paine for Bliss."

But Amarancy was betrothed to the anti-slavery cause, and nothing could allure her from that reform while it remained a living issue.

The following April, 1843, at thirty years of age, she became Secretary and Office Agent of the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society, continuing in that position ten years, until the office was given up, in 1853.

In May, 1843, the Providence Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society was organized, and Amarancy Paine was appointed secretary of this society in addition to her other duties. The Ladies' Society was auxiliary to the State Society, and rendered pecuniary aid in the support of lecturers, and of various anti-slavery publications, from the proceeds of fairs, sales, tea-parties, and social entertainments.

"My Ellen," said a constitutional pauper of Boston one day to a lady to whom she was confiding her troubles, "My Ellen don't seem faculized to do much work!" Ellen would not have answered for the



positions Amarancy was called to fill. The multitudinous details incident to the planning and successful management of fairs, sales, tea-parties, sociables, festivals, and lecture courses, the daily office work and correspondence of two societies, the preparation of notices and advertisements for the press, the reception of visitors, including many slaves each year travelling by the underground railroad via Rhode Island, and the distribution of tracts, newspapers, and reports of anti-slavery conventions necessarily imposed a burden of work upon the secretary, which to any ordinary person would have been appalling to contemplate.

But the little schoolmistress from Foster neither succumbed to the paralysis of fear nor to the numb palsy which overtakes the victims of indolence or overwork.

"As I recollect Amarancy Paine," says Wendell Phillips, "she was herself an indefatigable worker, and had the faculty of getting out of everybody else whom she met the most they could do."

A contemporary editorial newspaper notice of her eighth annual report of the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society informs the public that "Amarancy Paine, the secretary, does as much work as Abby Kelly or any other man or woman in the field," and adds, "but she is perfectly hush about it, making no ado, and hardly seeming to think herself an abolitionist."



In another public journal of those days, the writer comments on the immense "labor and too great self-disregard" of one whom, he says, "I may not name till she shall rest from her labors, which I pray may not happen while I am here to record it." "Who," continues the writer, "surpasses her in ceaseless industry, unfaltering fidelity, and singular ability in the anti-slavery service?"

This industry, fidelity, and ability found full exercise, not merely in the skilful discharge of numerous, varied, and distracting labors, but in the accomplishment of the far more delicate task of soothing the discordant anti-slavery factions which surged around her. And this she achieved by impartial and kindly service cheerfully rendered to every one, accompanied by faithful rebuke when occasion required. She seems to have had heart, brains, hands, and feet for all.

As Daniel Webster championed the Union with slavery, so Amaraney Paine was Rhode Island's living bond of the union between anti-slavery workers. In her unbounded loyalty to that cause she had become well-nigh accursed from the church, and no representations nor misrepresentations of one another by her fellow agitators could break the constancy of her devotion to every anti-slavery work and worker. She was a conservative in the highest sense of the word.

*The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* is credited with the saying, "Depend upon it, the cabbage-heads will win the day at last." The conservatism of Amarancy Paine was not the conservatism of the cabbage-heads. It was not the conservatism of phlegm. It was the conservatism of the magnetic needle, of a mind, heart, and will obedient to a rectified conscience, and sensitively quivering with a contagious earnestness. Annual reports and occasional letters are extant which abundantly prove the patience, and long-suffering, and good-will of Amarancy, and of the better spirits among her Rhode Island colleagues, to have quite over-matched the spirit of faction and internecine feud which strove for the supremacy. A single illustration will suffice, taken from the Secretary's annual report of the work of the Providence Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society for the year 1846, with an accompanying letter.

"At the commencement of the year the society voted to hold a fair or public sale during the first week in September. A committee was chosen to prepare a circular and procure its publication in papers friendly to the cause. The committee discharged their duty and the circulars appeared in all the papers except *The Boston Liberator*. Supposing it might have been mislaid, a second was forwarded to the editor, Mr. Garrison, with the request that he would give it an immediate insertion. Not receiving

any tidings from that, a third was forwarded to the agent, to which Mr. Quincy, upon whom devolved the editorial duties during the absence of Mr. Garrison, replied in substance, that the repeated requests had been received, but having noticed a donation from the proceeds of the last fair made to Mr. Rogers, who was in thought and word hostile to the Massachusetts Society and also to Mr. Garrison, he hesitated to lend the fair the least countenance or assistance, unless officially assured that *no* part of the proceeds would be appropriated towards the support of those evil persons who act contrary to the rules laid down by the Massachusetts Society, and which are expressed through its organ, *The Liberator*.

"A special meeting of the Society was called, and Mr. Quincy's letter laid before them. The course pursued by Mr. Quincy was considered highly censurable, and involving principles in direct opposition to those of true anti-slavery.

"A letter in reply to the one received was read by the Secretary, approved by the meeting, forwarded to Mr. Quincy, and published, together with his own, in *The Liberator*. Not receiving the assurance required, the circular was not published."

The subjoined letter to Mr. Quincy when read in connection with the foregoing extract from the report, will make the whole case sufficiently clear.

ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE,  
Prov., Aug. 21, 1846.

MR. EDMUND QUINCY,—

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of August 6th, giving your reasons for refusing our circular a place in the *Liberator*, was duly received and would have been replied to much sooner had not a multiplicity of engagements prevented.

While we must confess our great surprise that for such reasons you have refused its publication, we thank you for the candor with which you have stated them, and you will expect us to be equally sincere in our reply.

Admitting, for the moment, that we are, to quote your language, '*hostile to the Liberator, to Mr. Garrison, and to the anti-slavery of which his name is in the popular mind the exponent,*' to what does the objection amount? It amounts logically to simply this: that unless we coincide exactly with Mr. Garrison's views, we are unworthy the anti-slavery name and character. To adopt your view of the matter would make abolitionists the most servile of man-worshippers. It would destroy all independence of thought and action, and would establish an anti-slavery priesthood more intolerant than ever the so-called Christian priesthood from which abolitionists are but just emancipating themselves.

No matter how devoted Mr. Garrison has been, or

how great have been his sacrifices in the cause,—and we are not disposed to deny that they have been very great; no matter if he is regarded as the ‘*incarnation of the anti-slavery movement*,’ still we are bound by the highest considerations to allow no human being to stand between us and our convictions of duty.

We award *infallibility* to no one. We utterly deny the issue which the tone of your letter plainly indicates, that it is necessary, in order to be an abolitionist, to regard Mr. Garrison as the exponent of the anti-slavery sentiment.

We find nothing in the constitution of the American, or of any other anti-slavery society, which requires this of us. A difference of opinion with regard to Mr. Garrison’s character and influence is perfectly consistent with the most sincere and practical anti-slavery conduct. We are sorry indeed that it becomes necessary at this period of the anti-slavery enterprise to even state so self-evident a truth.

Again, admitting as before that your ‘impressions’ are true, we are obliged to say that the refusal, for *such* reasons, to publish our circular, is a violation of the first principles of anti-slavery.

From the earliest days of the movement, and ever until lately, what has been the great rallying cry of abolitionists? What has been the great and only test applicable alike to all who claimed admission to

our ranks? Did we stop to ask the applicant whether he believed this or that man honest, or whether he was in '*entire unity*' with the American or any other anti-slavery society? No. We should have repudiated tests like these. Our only test was, Do you believe in the doctrine of immediate and unconditional emancipation? If so, you are an abolitionist, no matter with whom you agree or disagree. Allow us to say, then, that the whole tenor of your letter supposes an issue, which, upon anti-slavery principles, you have no right to make. You are traveling entirely out of the record. You do not doubt our abolitionism; nor will you doubt the sacrifices and exertions of the abolitionists of this State in behalf of the slave, when you are informed of the fact that during the last three years as much money has been raised, and as many lectures sustained in proportion to the wealth and population of this State, as there has been even in favored Massachusetts. You doubt only our attachment to certain men and certain organizations.

What class of reformers have warred more stoutly against the authority of great names, than the abolitionists? They have believed in appealing to reason, to the ideas of right and truth in men's minds, and have utterly repudiated all attempts to bind men down to mere authority. And shall we believe that the present editor of the *Liberator* refuses to publish

the circular of an anti-slavery fair, whose object is exclusively anti-slavery, not because we do not believe in the grand distinctive doctrines of abolitionists, not because we do not labor zealously in the good cause, not because of any apostasy from our early and dearly-cherished anti-slavery principles, but because we are hostile to Mr. Garrison, and not in entire unity with the American Anti-Slavery Society?

Were Mr. Garrison the greatest saint on earth, and the American Society and its auxiliaries the most perfect organization in existence, the claim set up for them in your letter would still be monstrous and in utter derogation of abolition principles, principles which we have imbibed from the *Liberator* itself.

Thus much we have felt obliged to say upon the supposition that your 'impressions' were founded in fact. We now say further, that these impressions are utterly unfounded.

We are not hostile to Mr. Garrison, to the *Liberator*, or to the principles of the American or Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies. We are hostile only to Mr. Garrison's faults, and he and all his friends should be thankful to us for being so. We are hostile only to any attempt on the part of the above named societies to restrict the terms of their organization.

Your impressions are unsustained by a particle of truth. The *Liberator* is taken by the friends here,

and distributed from this office the same as formerly. The fact that we forwarded our circular to you for publication ought to show our willingness to act in unison with the Massachusetts society.

We have thus far abstained from referring to the controversy with Mr. Rogers, because that controversy has nothing to do with the *principle* involved in your refusal to publish our circular.

Even admitting that Mr. Rogers's conduct is as wicked and villainous as you indicate, so long as we are not convinced of it we are justified in supporting him. You certainly do not intend so far to violate every principle of justice and toleration as to oblige us to view his conduct, or that of any other person, through your or Mr. Garrison's eyes. This would be denying all right of private judgment, and worse than the claims of popery.

The abolitionists of this State some time since stated their views relative to the *Herald of Freedom* controversy through the columns of the *Liberator*, and we have as yet seen no cause to change the opinion then expressed. Ground was then taken in relation to that unfortunate controversy which can be maintained, and which the abolition sentiment of the country will justify us in maintaining.

An attitude of hostility was assumed towards neither party, inasmuch as both parties were in the wrong, certainly neither was absolutely right. We



cannot be driven from our position by any attempt to deny to us the name of abolitionists. We fear no such attempts. Abolitionists we are. To deny us the name will not prevent us from being so in deed and truth.

Refuse, if you please, to coöperate with us in the great work of emancipation because we do not see eye to eye. Because, forsooth, we refuse to believe that Mr. Garrison or any other man is the '*exponent*' of the anti-slavery sentiment, or because we are not in 'entire unity' with the American or Massachusetts anti-slavery societies.

By so doing you injure not us, but yourselves and the cause in which you are engaged. By so doing you proclaim your devotion to *men* instead of *principles*, and are allowing a blind adherence to the former to usurp the elevated and noble position of the advocacy of the latter.

How the proceeds of the fair will be disposed of has not yet been determined. They will probably be mainly devoted to sustaining the Rhode Island State Anti-Slavery Society and to such other purposes as in the opinion of the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society will further the cause of the slave. . . .

In behalf of the managers of the Rhode Island anti-slavery fair,

AMARANCY PAINE.

#### IV.

##### SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

**F**RANCIS GARDNER, for many years head master of the Boston Latin School, was wont to advise friends who were beset by antithetic difficulties to "take the middle extreme."

Both Scylla and Charybdis threatened the abolitionists in the narrowed gorge of the channel of the foaming torrent of agitation for prospective reform which they were endeavoring to navigate. On the one hand, the abuse of centralized power, the merciless machinery of organization threatened to grind them to powder; on the other, the anarchy of individualism lay in wait to tear them in pieces.

The annual reports of the Secretary of the Rhode Island State, and Providence Ladies' Anti-Slavery Societies, contain abundant evidence that a watchful eye discerned the double danger, and a firm hand held the frail anti-slavery craft in Rhode Island steadily to the middle course.

Thus in the twelfth annual report of the State Society the Secretary declares, "We come not as

the members of a party or sect, the friends of a tribe or clique, but as members of the universal brotherhood of man, the friends of the downtrodden and oppressed everywhere. . . . We come as friends to each other, to advance and elicit new thoughts, to exhort and be exhorted, to question and be questioned, to tolerate and be tolerated.

. . . . While we advocate the necessity of union and combination, we would not, and will not forget that we are individuals, endowed as such with consciences and responsibility. We seek a union that is perfect and entire. Such will exist when men shall combine their thoughts and energies, and yet shall each without offence or rupture, speak out freely and candidly the convictions of his own mind. When they shall be 'as distinct as the waves, but one as the sea.' To such an union we invite the friends of the slave. . . . A large number of fugitives have come to us and have been comfortably provided for. If we could reach the ear of the Southern slave we would whisper, yet there is room."

In the report for the year 1848, the secretary notes that, "during the past year the anti-slavery current has swept onward with increased power and strength. During the recent political agitation slavery has been *a* prominent, if not *the* prominent topic of discussion. Each party has striven anxiously to estab-

lish the anti-slavery character of its candidates. So that, in the *mêlée*, slavery in its social, moral, and political aspects, has been closely scrutinized. Politicians finding themselves in no very pleasing relations to the accursed and accursing system, have suddenly struck their tents and assumed a position on freer soil. They have blown a blast through the press, and through the mouth of the living speaker, which bids fair soon, and very soon, to call out a battalion of liberty combatants more to be dreaded by, and more disastrous to the entire slave power both North and South, than were Cromwell's Ironsides to Charles the First, or the old guard of Napoleon to the allies of Europe. . . . Fugitives continue to come to us in great numbers, and unless they prefer to leave the State, employment and homes are provided for them within our borders. They may safely say that they receive all the assistance they need. They are welcome visitors and cannot be returned to their masters."

These are words of brave good cheer. They are full of courage and hope. In truth, nearly all Amaraney's reports were written in the major keys. They are pæans of victory anticipated as sure to come sooner or later. Here and there a minor chord is introduced in recognition of hope baffled temporarily. But the indomitable faith of one who had learned to be terrified by her enemies in nothing,

soon overleaps all discouragement, and the note of triumph becomes the undertone and the overtone.

Her fourteenth annual report of the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society is exceptionally clouded throughout, as the huge dimensions of the evil which they combated rose into fuller view. Let us come under the cloud with her for a little, and listen to her words.

"If there is one thing more than another to be learned from the anti-slavery movement, it is that reforms are not consummated so speedily as at first anticipated.

"At the organization of this society it was confidently hoped that its *tenth* annual report would announce the end of American chattel slavery. This is its fourteenth, and yet this horrible, brutalizing system, without the slightest mitigation of any one of its thousand terrific features, exists. Its blighting presence extends over as large an extent of country as fourteen years ago. The human flesh trade, piratical though it is, has been as actively driven, and as extensively, this year as in any former. Its contempt for constitutional law and civil rights increases in audacity. Still, the public sentiment of the North is essentially for slavery. For proof of this we have only to see its late endorsement of an atrocious and bloody war, begun and waged for the sole purpose of extending and perpetuating slavery by elevating

to the presidency one of the chief agents of that war, and a notorious slave-holder. . . . Yet some, nay, great progress has been made. The public mind is now more sensitive on this subject than ever before. The silence of many pulpits has been partially broken. Many heretofore muzzled presses have dared occasionally to utter a free word. Now and then a public man ventures to intimate pretty plainly that slavery is not so sure and firm a corner-stone of the republic as had been supposed.

“Recently we have seen a very promising political party asserting as one of its foundation principles, a burning hatred to negro slavery. Black laws have been repealed; negro pews and cars to some extent demolished, and the fugitive is welcomed and protected. In Maryland the voice of freedom has of late been heard. In Kentucky ten thousand men at the ballot-box have declared for emancipation. In Missouri a voice is heard, which, although nearly solitary and alone, is the forerunner of a higher and better time, for never yet has that voice been raised but that all the inhabitants of the land have been made to hear and understand. . . . We owe especial thanks to the anti-slavery women, who, by means of their fairs, have so generously assisted us. Their toil and self-denial shall be as far as possible appreciated by us, and held in grateful remembrance. To them we say, Go on! go on! go

on! We are still needy and must have your help. A greater number of fugitives has come to us than during any previous year. At one time there was a company of eight persons, five of them children; on another occasion six persons arrived. Sometime before the arrival of this last company, a man, a fugitive, came and labored until he had saved a small sum of money, then returned to his family who were yet in slavery. On reaching their quarters he found that two of his children had died during his absence. Still he was not to be prevented from bringing his full number. So he persuaded three other persons, slaves, to come with him. They all arrived in safety. Since last spring, this man besides supporting his family has saved and deposited in the savings bank fifty dollars. Another fugitive, in the same time, has deposited twenty-nine dollars. Another, over and above supporting his family, has saved two hundred dollars within five years. While the slave-holders are becoming bankrupt, their self-emancipated slaves are growing rich. We see who they are that 'can't take care of themselves.' All the fugitive slaves among us are doing well. And yet there is room.

"By a vote of the executive committee, the following subjects are referred to the annual meeting, raising funds, and continuance of the anti-slavery office.

"Unless funds are raised, all operations must cease.

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What anti-slavery man is willing to take the responsibility of saying that? We are certain no anti-slavery woman will. For the want of a few paltry dollars must that sign, 'Anti-Slavery Office,' which has been literally a star in the East to many a panting fugitive, cheering him with the promise of sympathy, telling his anxious soul that beneath it he will find a home, telling him that within there are warm hearts and ready hands to feel for, encourage, sustain, and protect him, be taken down? It cannot be so! If ever a depot of anti-slavery intelligence was needed it is now. If ever a rallying-place for anti-slavery workers was demanded it is at the present time. What place can be better such, than the 'Old Anti-Slavery Office?'

"Surely this question of funds should be the last to engross our attention. Surely it does not become us to consume time thus, or permit our efforts to slacken for want of money, when the interests of humanity are at stake.

"But it is needed, needed now. So long as souls inhabit bodies, our sympathies must manifest themselves in bold, earnest deeds, clothing themselves, ever and anon, in gold and silver raiment. We love our money for the good it will do. We love our money, but we love the cause of the down-trodden and bleeding poor far better, is the language of every true Rhode Island heart. Much yet remains to be done in our



State. A quickened public sentiment needs to be educated and guided. The developments of the slave system, as they transpire, must be spread out before the minds of our people. Their duties in consequence must be made clear and urged home upon them, or the impulses of this public sentiment will begin to beat in a wrong direction, at least will become imbecile and ineffective. What we do must be done quickly and energetically. We must take the tide at the flood. While we remain idle, the enemy is strengthening his hands. The result of neglecting an awakened public sentiment, may perhaps be seen in the retrograde movement of the Freesoil party. We hoped that it would have proved our savior, but it seems to have gone to the sepulchre, to mingle with the bones and dust of other political efforts liberty-wise.

"At our peril, then, are we idle. By awaking speedily and acting energetically, we may now ground and establish our principles immovably. . . .

For us to fail is for despotism to triumph. The triumph of despotism is our destruction. Never did the spirit of despotism struggle as she now struggles. She now must either conquer or die. Her death is our victory. Here in Rhode Island we must awake. Why should we of all others be exempt? We have a work to do. So long as there is a slave in bondage we are verily guilty before God and man if we are not putting forth our mightiest exertions to

liberate him. Prejudice, dark and bitter as the spirit of hell, is around us. Who, say, who shall destroy it if not we? God grant that the fifteenth annual report of this society may be a record of a year's arduous, faithful LABOR. The time requires DEEDS, not words.

AMARANCY PAINE, *Secretary.*"

This appeal awakened a generous response, and the report of the following year marks the rising tide of zealous toil and achievement in every branch of the work in Rhode Island, together with an appreciative *résumé* of the progress of the reform throughout the country.

But enough has been cited to fairly illustrate the public service rendered by Amarancy to the anti-slavery cause during the ten years of her elastic and vigorous womanhood, ending with the year 1853, when the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society closed its office, and she returned to the quiet of country life and farm labor, with her mother and brother Olney, in Foster.

## V.

### PEGASUS ON A FARM.

IN the latter part of the summer of 1856, a farmer in Scituate, R. I., by the name of Orris Sarle, knew not where to look for help. His wife, attacked with cancer, not only was unable to do the family housework, but required the services of a nurse. No woman in the neighborhood was willing, or disposed to think herself competent to undertake the burdensome and disagreeable task of doing the housework for a farmer's family, and, in addition, nursing a woman sick with an offensive disease.

Somebody who knew, or knew of Amarancy's self-sacrificing character, suggested her name to Mr. Sarle. He sought her out and laid the case before her. He did not have to ask twice. Amarancy went back with him on the first of September and diligently filled the double office of nurse and housekeeper, until death removed her patient soon after.

Mr. Sarle had found the assistance of this female reformer invaluable. Accordingly, marriage was in due time proposed and accepted, and on the seventh

of October, 1857, in her forty-fifth year, Amarancy Paine became Mrs. Sarle. Her marriage thus occurred in perfect harmony with the prevailing principle of her life. It was part of that seamless garment of self-sacrifice in behalf of others which was her daily apparel.

Her husband lived after this marriage a little over six years, and at his death bequeathed to his wife the complete control and use of his farm and the farm buildings, without power to sell, or in any way to alienate the property, which was to revert to his children by the first wife on the death of Mrs. Sarle.

Evidently the husband wished to provide for his faithful wife's earthly necessities, but not to further her well-known propensity for making celestial investments.

So, too, when the property of her father had been divided, her half-brothers, Olney and Thomas Paine, would fain have kept back from her the more than seven hundred dollars which fell to her portion, knowing well that if she received it, they would soon hear, as on former occasions, she "hath dispersed abroad, she hath given to the poor." But the money had to be paid to her, and she quickly made friends to herself with the mammon of unrighteousness, who, when she should fail, would receive her into everlasting habitations.

Mrs. Sarle is now left a widow, without children, in charge of a farm, which she may use, but not dispose of. Her departed husband's children are grown up, have homes of their own, and would gladly dispossess their father's widow, even of the usufruct of the old homestead, but the law forbids it, and enforces the observance of their father's will.

What can Pegasus do on a farm, or with it? What chance here for heroism of any kind? What can prevent the throbbing spirit of high endeavor, and exalted moral purpose, and far-reaching philanthropy which lately marshalled the Rhode Island anti-slavery ranks, from being suffocated by the effluvia of the barn-yard, choked by the cares of this world, and buried in the mossy solitude of a few acres of Scituate woodland, meadow, and pasture!

In truth, can a professional reformer do anything with a farm but make a failure in trying to administer it? Such questions as these had to be practically answered by Mrs. Sarle early in the year 1864.

On the first fly-leaf of her diary for that year is written:

"No debt is small which a man is unable to pay."

The clear recognition of this truth is not the way to financial failure.

A man of hesitating speech, accompanied by his wife and an aged father, offers himself as a farm

tenant. He is not strong, nor energetic, drinks spirituous liquors some, and is saturated with tobacco-juice and smoke, which habits are Mrs. Sarle's special abomination. The wife is subject to epileptic fits. The applicants are willing to make the farm pay their landlady as large a rent as possible, and are received and installed in the large, old-fashioned cottage in which Mrs. Sarle reserves for her own use on the ground floor a sitting-room and sleeping-room, entered from without by a separate door.

She also has a little cottage below the well, containing three other rooms,—kitchen, dining-room, and chamber.

Let us glance in, through the leaves of her diary, upon Mrs. Sarle in this year 1864.

"Friday, January 1st: Commenced reading the Bible through the twelfth time."

(Bible in hand, Mrs. Sarle defies the current superstition against beginning any undertaking on Friday.)

"Friday, May 24th: Finished reading the Bible through to-day. Began it the first day of the year, reading eight chapters per day."

"Friday, July 1st: Commenced reading the Bible through in course, to-day, the thirteenth time."

"July 22d: My dear mother is eighty-seven years old to-day."

(Her mother lived to be ninety-four, spending much of her time with Mrs. Sarle.)

"Saturday, August 6th:" Mrs. Sarle has a sick lady friend visiting her, whom she is nursing.

"August 8th:" Another lady friend, a cousin, comes to visit her, and is entertained until Saturday,—five days.

"Sunday, August 14th: Went to Ashland Sunday-school. Repeated the second chapter of Matthew as a lesson before the school."

"Sunday, August 21st: Went to Ashland Sunday-school. Repeated the third chapter of Matthew as a lesson before the school."

"Sunday, August 28th: Repeated the fourth chapter of Matthew as a lesson before the Ashland Sunday-school."

"Sunday, September 4th: Am in Foster to-day, at my sister Bowen's. Very, very sorry to be away from the Sunday-school at Ashland."

"Monday, September 5th: Am at home to-day. It is quite rainy. Have been as busy as a bee all day."

"Thursday, September 8th: Am having a nice time at Olney's eating peaches and grapes. He has a nice lot in his yard. Have picked grapes to preserve. Have cleaned house all day for them. It looks real nice."

"Saturday, September 10th: Returned to my house in Scituate . . . ."

"Sunday, September 11th: Went to Sunday-school

at Ashland, and repeated the fifth chapter of Matthew as a lesson before the school."

"Monday, September 12th: Went to the funeral of Israel Potter at Ashland. Sermon by an Advent preacher, William Deveraux. Did not like the doctrinal part at all."

"Thursday, September 15th: Have been patching at Olney's nearly all day."

"Sunday, September 18th: Have been to Sunday-school at Ashland. Repeated as a lesson before the school, the sixth and seventh chapters of Matthew. Then walked down to Simmonsville to Sunday-school, eight miles, and back to James Fisher's, making eleven miles that I travelled."

"Wednesday, September 21st: Here I am in Foster once more. Find my sister quite poorly. We have pared and sliced a bushel of apples and picked some beans."

"Thursday, September 22d: Mother and I have cleaned the attic to-day. Sister and I have been a-graping; and Willie and I have been a-graping."

(Willie is the son of her sister who married a Mr. Bowen.)

"Saturday, September 24th: Went to Hopkins Hills with my sister Bowen to-day. We have husked a part of the afternoon. Reproved Mr. Davis for the scurrilous print posted in his shop."

"Monday, September 26th: We have pared and



sliced two bushels of apples, preserved two gallons of grapes in molasses, made a cheese and churned, pickled a lot of tomatoes, pickled a pot full of them, and chopped up a lot and preserved them another way."

"Tuesday, September 27th: We have done a fortnight's washing and ironing to-day, made catsup, and so forth, and so forth."

"Sunday, October 16th: Have been to Ashland Sunday-school after being absent several weeks. Lesson before the school, the eighth chapter of Matthew, — thirty-four verses."

"Sunday, October 23d: Have been to Ashland Sunday-school to-day. Recited as a lesson before the school, the ninth chapter of Matthew, — thirty-eight verses."

"Saturday, October 29th: Have been to mass meeting at Ashland."

"Sunday, October 30th: Am at my sister Bowen's in Foster. Am so sorry that I cannot go to Sunday-school at Ashland."

"Wednesday, November 2d: Am at the mass meeting in Providence."

"Sunday, November 6th: Recited as a lesson before the Ashland Sunday-school, the tenth and eleventh chapters of Matthew, the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, and the twenty-third Psalm."

(Two lady school teachers of Providence, Misses

Stevens and Ewins, and other friends, are guests at her farmhouse this week.)

"Sunday, November 13th: Have recited as a lesson at Ashland the twelfth chapter of Matthew and ninth verse of the twenty-eight chapter of First Chronicles. Left Misses Stevens and Ewins at home."

"Monday, November 14th: Have walked to the city this morning with Misses Stevens and Ewins. Had a fine time."

(The distance to Olneyville is eight good country miles, uphill and downhill.)

"Sunday, November 20th: Have been to Sunday-school. Lesson, thirteenth chapter of Matthew; Luke, fourth chapter, from the fourteenth verse to the thirty-second; Ephesians, sixth chapter, and the nineteenth Psalm, one hundred fifteen verses in all . . . ."

"Sunday, November 27th: Recited as a lesson before the Ashland Sunday-school the eleventh chapter of Hebrews."

"Sunday, December 4th: Have been to the Sunday-school. Lesson recited before the school, Matthew, fourteenth and fifteenth chapters; Luke, fifteenth chapter, and the one hundred thirty-ninth Psalm—one hundred thirty-one verses in all. Had to come from Foster, and was almost too late. Went to the graveyard after Sunday-school."

"Monday, December 5th: Have been in our cranberry-bog to-day and picked four quarts. . . ."

"Tuesday, December 6th: Have again visited the spot where all that is mortal of my beloved husband is deposited, awaiting the resurrection morn."

"Saturday, December 10th: We are having a driving snow-storm. No hope of going to Ashland to-morrow."

"Sunday, December 11th: Am having a very quiet Sabbath to-day. I thought it would be wicked to have a horse break through to carry me to Ashland, and I have contented myself at home. I do like the Sunday-school. . . . "

"Saturday, December 17th: Have finished reading the Bible through to-day and propose commencing it again on this, my fifty-second birthday. Have read it thirteen times in course."

"Sunday, December 18th: Have been to Sunday-school to-day. Recited one hundred and thirty-three verses as my lesson. Read the Book of Genesis yesterday, and the Book of Exodus to-day,—ninety chapters."

"Monday, December 19th: To-day I have read Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges and Ruth,—one hundred forty-six chapters."

"Tuesday, December 20th: My lesson last Sunday was sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth chapters of Matthew, fifty-fifth of Isaiah, eleventh and twelfth of Ecclesiastes, and the first Psalm,—one hundred thirty-three verses in all. Have read to-day 1 Samuel and 2 Samuel, and 1 Kings and 2 Kings,—one hundred two chapters."

"Wednesday, December 21st: Read 1 Chronicles and 2 Chronicles,—sixty-five chapters."

"Thursday, December 22d: Have read to-day Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, and Job,—seventy-five chapters."

"Friday, December 23rd: Have read to-day Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Solomon's Song,—two hundred and one chapters in all."

"Saturday, December 24th: Read the book of Isaiah—sixty-six chapters. Have come home from the city and Willie Bowen with me. I rode out to North Scituate with Cyrus and walked down."

"Sunday, December 25th: At Sunday-School recited the nineteenth chapter of Matthew, and fourth chapter of Proverbs,—fifty-seven verses. Read the two books of Jeremiah and Lamentations,—fifty-seven chapters. Had a sleigh ride to Sunday-school."

"Monday, December 26th: Read the book of Ezekiel to-day; number of chapters, forty-eight. Have got back to the city. Had a Christmas dinner with Misses Stevens, Ewins, and Merrill, and a delightful time."

"Tuesday, December 27th: Have read to-day, Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habbakuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zachariah, and Malachi, finishing the Old Testament in ten days."

"Wednesday, December 28th: Have read Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John to-day,—eighty-nine chapters."

"Thursday, December 29th: Have read to-day, Acts

of the Apostles, Romans, 1 Corinthians, and 2 Corinthians,—seventy-three chapters.”

“Friday, December 30th: Have read to-day Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, 1 Thessalonians, 2 Thessalonians, 1 Timothy, 2 Timothy, Titus, Philemon, and Hebrews,—eighty-five chapters. Came home from the city to-day.”

“Saturday, December 31st: Have read to-day, James, 1 Peter, 2 Peter, 1 John, 2 John, 3 John, Jude, and the Revelation,—forty-three chapters. I am ending the year at my home. As it closes and a new year commences, may it be in the fear of the Lord.”

“MEMORANDA: ‘Intuitions are just as likely to be right as our so-called reasonable judgments, which in nine cases out of ten are worked out by prejudice which sees only one side.’

“I have learned that tears are of many kinds, and that there are some which God’s love so sweetens that we would be loath to exchange them for smiles.’

“Finished reading the Bible the last day of the year 1864. Read it in just two weeks. Was ten days reading the Old Testament, and four days reading the New Testament.

“I shall never try again to read it in so short a time. It hurt my head very much. I had finished reading it through on my fifty-second birthday, and thought I should like to read it through in two

weeks, so that I could commence it again with the new year. I suppose I have many times read as much in newspapers, sketches, etc., but I think I never, in the same length of time, read anything that tired my mind as much. Now that it is done, I am not sorry."

Mrs. Sarle did not stop reading the Bible while life remained. In the remaining seventeen years of her pilgrimage she read her Bible through more than fifty times, and committed whole books to memory.

On the fly leaves of a Bible formerly owned by John Kelly, during many years a lawyer of Exeter, N. H., and editor of the *Exeter News Letter*, is the record of his reading the Bible through in thirteen days. How many other things either he or Mrs. Sarle did during the days of their rapid Scripture reading it is not easy to discover. We know that she did much else.

## VI.

### SAINT INDEFATIGABLE.

**I**N the year 1869 Mrs. Sarle sought admission again to the Olneyville Free Baptist Church, from which she had been dismissed, at her own request, twenty-seven years before.

Pastor J. A. Howe, to whom she admitted that her withdrawal had been a mistake, proposed her name, and the church gladly welcomed her once more to its enrolled constituency.

In truth, she had worshiped and communed with them at various times during several years preceding her reinstatement by vote.

The resident membership of the church was divided into various committees, appointed by the pastor, and called, according to the duties with which they were severally charged, Sunday-school Committee, Discipline Committee, and the like. It was in order for these committees to render quarterly reports. Mrs. Sarle was appointed chairman of the committee for visiting the aged, sick, and needy. Living, as she did, eight miles from Olneyville, one would have thought she

might be justified in responding to this appointment, "I pray thee have me excused."

But she accepted the position, not, however, as an honorary sinecure, leaving the work to others, and merely tabulating the results of their labors for her quarterly reports. If any other church in Rhode Island can show within the past dozen years the measure of fidelity in ministering to the needs of the aged, sick, infirm, destitute, and unfortunate, comparable to that of the Committee of the Olneyville Free Baptist Church, as represented by its chairman, Mrs. Sarle, from June, 1869, to March, 1882, inclusive, the facts should be made public as an incitement to Christians everywhere in well-doing.

Mrs. Sarle might have truly said, had she been disposed to institute any comparison between her work and that of others around her in behalf of suffering humanity, "I labored more abundantly than they all."

What she did not say we were all compelled to say as we beheld her tireless activity in every good work and listened to those wonderful quarterly reports.

A few sample stones loaded upon a dray convey as complete an idea of a stately cathedral, as do the scanty incidents retained by weak memory of the full splendor of a life always abounding in good works. Yet even the fragments which remain should be gathered up, that nothing be lost.



An old negress, a widow and childless, known as "Aunt Nancy," was a member of the Olneyville church during many years. She was poor, sick, and solitary. Mrs. Sarle began her visits of relief and assistance as early as 1865. Repeated attacks of rheumatism, combined with old age, at last rendered Aunt Nancy unable to support herself by labor as formerly.

"Mrs. Sarle rested not until she had found a family of colored people who consented to give Aunt Nancy a home with them for a moderate compensation. Thither she conveyed her helpless charge and solicited money for her support. Just as Mrs. Sarle was congratulating herself that this difficult case was so satisfactorily adjusted, Aunt Nancy sent for her and requested to have another home provided. "Are you not made comfortable here?" asked her friend. "O, yes, honey!" "Is not the food good? Is there any fault in the cooking? Do the children annoy you? Is the man or his wife unkind?"

Aunt Nancy expressed perfect satisfaction with her home on all these points. "But," drawing Mrs. Sarle's head down close to her own, she whispered in her ear, "*arter all, they's niggers!*"

It is told of Walter Scott, whose patience was often sorely tried by a crotchety old servant, that at last he said to him one day when the friction became unendurable, "Roger, we must part." "And where will your Honor go?" queried his fractious

henchman. It was not an easy matter for Mrs. Sarle to discover where her Honor, aunt Nancy, *could* go.

Five miles from Olneyville, a poor woman, recently left a widow with six small children, was struggling to keep her little brood together in a cheap tenement surrounded by a worn-out old orchard. How to prevent herself and children from becoming a public charge, was a puzzling question to this poor widow. Of course, Mrs. Sarle knew of this case to pity and plan how she might relieve its distress. If, now, only widow — would take Aunt Nancy to board and nurse in her feebleness! Mrs. Sarle was able to get an answer to her own question by walking several miles on a dusty road. The proposition was gladly accepted.

Aunt Nancy was so feeble that a hack must be hired for her conveyance. To her most intimate friends Mrs. Sarle confessed to a shrinking of the flesh from the distinction of riding through the streets of Providence and Olneyville as the solitary attendant of "our aged colored sister," as she always termed her.

It was nightfall when they reached their destination, and late in the evening before everything had been completed that required Mrs. Sarles's attention. Plainly she must spend the night under the widow's roof. The only spare bed in the house had been fitted up for Aunt Nancy to occupy.

Were Mrs. Sarle at liberty to consult only her own preference, she would have wrapped her shawl around her and dozed as best she might in the rocking-chair that night.

But in that case she must seem to despise the hospitality of Aunt Nancy, who had with kindly urgency pressed upon her the use of half her bed. Could she refuse, and explain to her *protégé* that she shared her prejudices concerning people of color, and blot her own hitherto stainless record as an anti-slavery standard-bearer? Perish the thought! Could she accept and "cover up" under the same bed-clothes with a — our aged colored sister!

Never before had the humanitarian theories of Mrs. Sarle been put to such a test as this present one proved.

It must be admitted that our friend was tempted, like other people, but when they came to retire that night, Aunt Nancy had the double satisfaction of reflecting that her home was now with white folks, and that in sharing her bed with Mrs. Sarle, she was making some return for all the kindness she had received from her benefactress.

Some further account of what it cost Mrs. Sarle to provide for the maintenance of Aunt Nancy during the last few years of her life, was sketched at the time in two leaflet tracts which are here introduced by permission of their author:

## THE STORY OF A BEDQUILT.

BY MRS. C. E. K. DAVIS.

Quite away from the noise of the town, in the middle of a wide field, stands a farm cottage, shaded by a few old apple-trees and brightened by a few flowers that grow under the windows. It is a lonely place, and as the land is poor and unproductive, the owner rents it for a small sum to a widow who has six children to support. There is another inmate of the house beside the widow and her children. This is an aged colored woman, who is confined to her bed, and who has almost entirely lost the use of her limbs, and of her speech. Utterly without means to support herself, "Aunt Nancy" would be compelled to end her days at the poorhouse, but for the charity of Christian people who provide for her wants by securing a home for her with the poor widow and her family.

These Christian people would hardly have found out her need but for one woman whom I will designate as Saint Indefatigable, who has made known the wants of the sufferer, whom she always calls with simple pathos, "Our aged colored sister," and has kept her in the minds of otherwise forgetful members of Christ's church. I doubt whether any one else would have hit upon the expedient that she did to aid in

the work of supporting aunt Nancy; however this may be, it brings me to the story of the "Bedquilt."

A certain minister who did the good work that God gave him to do, with faithfulness and zeal, and long since entered into his rest, left behind him a widow, who still remains among the people with whom his life was passed. It happened—no, we will not say it happened, for there is no chance in God's world, but the thought presented itself to our Saint above mentioned, while puzzling her brain to devise ways and means that an album quilt might be made, which should be at the same time a testimonial to the minister's widow, and a means of beneficence to aunt Nancy. It was a bright thought. There were scores of persons within a radius of ten miles, who would doubtless cheerfully give their names and their quarters of a dollar for this double object, and our Saint of half a century at once entered upon her mission with all the enthusiasm of sixteen.

It would make too long a story were I to recount the particulars of her travels from friend to friend, by street-cars and steam-cars, and by boat, and more than all, by the aid of her own two feet, which are tireless when bent on errands of kindness and mercy—in pursuit of quarters and names. It was a long labor, but two years and a half from the birth of the idea witnessed its accomplishment, and more than eight hundred names were waiting to be inscribed

upon the album quilt. There were names of authors and artisans; of poets and philanthropists; of merchants and mechanics; of members of Congress, mayors and governors; of ministers, lawyers, and physicians; names of women, old and young, white and black, rich and poor, each one of which represented at least twenty-five cents in money, and a kindly thought of the poor old colored woman who lay helpless and suffering in the widow's lonely home, miles away.

The marking of this long catalogue was done by an old lady who had passed her threescore and ten years, but whose hand was still firm and steady; and the piecing was done by a sister in the church, herself an invalid, and the quilting by two nimble-fingered young girls, for love's sake, and our Saint, who had watched its progress from stage to stage, now rejoiced over its completion. Then it was quietly presented to the minister's widow, who had long before heard of the intended gift, through the innocent gossip of a friend.

But this was not the end of what the album quilt had to do for Aunt Nancy. An exhibition followed in the vestry of the church, and more quarters came into the treasury, and it was found that more names could be added, and so our Saint Indefatigable, setting the fruitage of the quilt at one thousand names, began a fresh crusade, which is still in progress and sure to succeed, for God blesses such work and such workers.

The poor old colored sister lies upon her humble bed, groaning forth the only two words that her palsied tongue can utter, "Go 'way! Go 'way!" which, as interpreted by the widow who cares for her, express the yearning of her soul for release.

We know not God's wise plan in thus continuing a life which, humanly speaking, is shorn of every joy, and whose season of service is past, but of this we are sure, that the poverty and helplessness of Aunt Nancy have brought to fair blossoms many buds of charity that otherwise would have blighted, and have taught many a lesson of patient continuance in well-doing to impulsive and inconstant souls.

*Providence, R. I., Sept. 8, 1874.*

## SEQUEL TO THE STORY OF A BEDQUILT.

BY MRS. C. E. K. DAVIS.

No pen can describe the sufferings of poor old Aunt Nancy during those last weeks of her life. Her poor body was worn to a skeleton and covered with putrifying sores; her limbs were drawn out of shape; consciousness was gone; the power of voluntary motion gone also; more loathsome than Lazarus at the gate of Dives, she was yet happier than Lazarus, because tenderly cared for by the widow whose charge she had been for three years, and provided with every needful thing by Christian friends.

Release came at last, on the last day of June, and those who had known of her wretched condition fervently thanked God that the poor pilgrim had entered into rest. She had lived, as it is supposed, more than one hundred years, having been old enough, according to her own account, "to wind quills and pick berries" on the dark day of 1780. Her life was spent in hard labor and poverty, and little of brightness shone upon it, until there dawned upon her soul the consciousness that she had a Father in Heaven who cared for her, and a Christ who had died for her. Her funeral was from the church in Olneyville, of which she had long been a member. Careful hands robed the poor body for the burial, kind, sisterly fingers wreathed flowers for the coffin, and she was laid away to rest in accordance with her own wish, in the Indian burial ground, there to await the quickening touch of Him who shall clothe this mortal with immortality.

Three months later, on the afternoon and evening of September 8th, there was a pleasant gathering of many of the old friends of Elder Martin Cheney at the house of his widow in Olneyville, on which occasion the quilt of a thousand names, having realized a sum of four hundred dollars, was publicly presented to her by our Saint Indefatigable, whose satisfaction at the prosperous issue of her enterprise was delightful to behold. Remarks followed by two or



three of the old and tried friends of Elder Cheney; a number of gifts, tokens of the affectionate regard and esteem in which she is held, were presented to Mrs. Cheney, and a hymn was sung, after which the company dispersed; and thus ended a reunion of old friends and Christian workers which will long be remembered with pleasure and satisfaction.

## VII.

THE RHODE ISLAND BOARD OF HOSPITAL, PRISON, CHARITY,  
AND GENERAL AND SPECIAL MISSION WORK, OF  
ONE MEMBER.

**I**N the year 1872 the Free Baptist Theological Seminary at Lewiston, Me., called Pastor J. A. Howe from the Olneyville church to fill its professorship of dogmatic theology.

The student from Andover who preached to the Olneyville church on the third and fourth Sundays of August in that year, and became their pastor the following October, was requested to call at a house, where a death had occurred, on the Tuesday following his first Sunday's service.

He was met at the door by a small woman, about sixty years of age, whose profile bore a striking resemblance to pictures of Savonarola. She had a noble head, prominent nose, deep-set eyes, and a face strangely furrowed and chiselled. She was quick in her movements, a little hard of hearing, somewhat peculiar in manner, and her dress, as Frederick Douglas says of John Brown's house and furniture,

was so plain as to suggest destitution. Handing the minister a chair, she drew another close beside him, where he could speak into her best ear, and began a rapid review of the life of the deceased, with a quotation from the Widow Bedott Papers, "We are all poor critters." She then went on to say that Mrs. Greene, who had just passed away, was one of the original eleven charter members, who, in 1828, were banded together with Elder Martin Cheney in the organization of the Olneyville church. That her lot had been one of toil and poverty, bravely and faithfully borne. She descanted upon her virtues as wife, mother, friend and neighbor, and closed with a touching allusion to her patience during her last sickness of typhoid fever, when she required the constant care of a nurse.

The difficulty of finding a sufficient number of volunteer watchers for such a case during forty successive days and nights, had afforded Mrs. Sarle an abundant opportunity to gather and digest the facts which she imparted, as she had herself watched during thirty of these nights, and been at the house nearly every day besides.

The chairman of the committee for visiting the aged, sick, and needy, was called, before the close of that week, to the sick bed of a Mrs. Latham, another elderly lady in the church, who lived three miles from Olneyville, was at Mrs. Greene's funeral

on Thursday, and whose body was borne to the grave on the Sunday following.

The doctor and undertaker might infer that Mrs. Sarle spent all her time watching at the bedside of the sick and dying, and attending funerals. But she did several other things.

One family for whom Mrs. Sarle felt a ceaseless responsibility, consisted of an aged and nearly blind mother, a middle-aged blind son, both of whom have at length fallen asleep in Jesus, and a daughter of feeble constitution, whose needle busily plied, spite of distressing headaches, was their principal source of income.

To-day a box of strawberries, next week a few bananas, another week a ticket to some entertainment for the daughter, furnished Mrs. Sarle with excuses for seasonable calls. But the church poor did not exhaust her sympathy or labors.

An unfortunate Englishman and his wife, who had hoped to improve their finances and their health in America, were reduced to the verge of starvation, and threatened with expulsion from their tenement. Of course Mrs. Sarle collected money for their rent and sustenance from quarter to quarter, and when at last, upon the death of her husband the widow desired to return to England, Mrs. Sarle collected the passage money, and saw her safely embarked for the journey.

Sometime between 1860 and 1870, Saint Indefatigable learned of the misfortunes of a girl in Connecticut, sadly crippled with a severe spinal complaint. Thenceforward, until her own summons came to cease from her labors, she collected and forwarded money for the support and comfort of her suffering friend, whose poverty, pain, and solitariness were gladdened by the knowledge of the unfailing and successful efforts in her behalf of a missionary, who knew how to ask, seek, and knock, so as to receive, find, and have opened unto her.

The rich were visited by Mrs. Sarle and "privileges laid before them." How skilfully and inoffensively this was usually accomplished is more easily related than imitated. Many families where she visited were not unaware that in receiving her, they entertained an angel of light. She was seldom rebuffed, but the churls are not all dead, and descendants of Nabal still survive, even in hospitable Rhode Island.

The modesty of her requests, and the delicacy with which they were preferred, seldom failed to secure as much as was asked for, but there were notable exceptions. Let it suffice to mention one. Mrs. Sarle was in quest of a bed for a poor invalid. The share which she sought to have contributed by each donor whom she visited, was so small that the shame of giving was in every instance

but one, immediately swallowed up by the shame of refusing such a trifle. Thus piece by piece, from many a giver, she collected the bedstead, then the tick and the husks, then the sheets and the blankets.

At last only the bed-cord was needed. In search of this she entered a well-stocked store, kept by an old acquaintance. Briefly she narrated in her own inimitable manner, the misfortunes of the sufferer for whom, and the kindness of friends from whom, she had spent toilsome hours in procuring the bed, and closed with a gentle hint that nothing was wanted to bind up all in a happy conclusion, but the gift of a cord from the master of scales and scoops. The storekeeper responded with an offer to *sell* her a cord for twenty-five cents, a sale which he said would leave him no profit. A few minutes later Saint Indefatigable stood at the door of the trader's residence and repeated her story to his wife, closing it with the information that a bed-cord had been offered her at the cost price of twenty-five cents, and asking Madam — if she would like to contribute that sum. Receiving an affirmative answer and the money, she soon reappeared, accepted the trader's offer, set up the bed, and was herself refreshed by the thought of the comfort it would give.

In short, the private individuals and families, who, in the shadows of poverty, sickness, and death, were

the recipients of Saint Indefatigable's visits of mercy and benefaction may be reckoned by hundreds. Amazed at her rapid and incessant journeyings to and fro, and the multitude of visits which she made throughout Providence, Pawtucket, Pawtuxet, Greenville, Bristol, Greenwich, Foster, Johnston, Scituate, and Cranston, in Rhode Island, besides occasional trips to portions of Massachusetts and Connecticut; Friends would sometimes ask, "How do you ever manage to get to so many places?" She usually replied by pointing to her feet, with the remark, "I would rather have my two feet than the best pair of horses in the State."

It was no uncommon occurrence for her to rise at a very early hour at her home in Scituate, read ten to twenty chapters in her Bible, and walk to Olneyville, eight miles, reaching it in season to breakfast with some of her friends who lived there, having made three or four flying calls on the way.

Her quarterly church report, beginning January, 1881, when she was entering on her seventieth year, showed one hundred and thirty calls upon sixty-three different persons. One of these calls might represent much or little labor. Thus the church gave her ten dollars to carry to one of its poor members. Mrs. Sarle knowing that this sum would all be needed for rent, improved the opportunity to collect from different friends six and a quarter dollars additional,

with which she purchased a bag of flour, a basket of coal, overshoes, and underwear, and thus brought a shower of blessings at a single visit.

But she was equally ready to do a little, not minding high things, but condescending to let her charity distil, like the gentle dew, in fragrant little acts of kindness on persons of low or high degree. On July 6th, 1880, in her sixty-ninth year, she "carried twenty-seven dozen butternuts to Mrs. Rebecca Wild, a darling old lady ninety years old; she wanted them to pickle." They had to be gathered on the fourth of July, and Mrs. Sarle climbed to the top of Neutaconkanut Hill for them.

July 12th she cooks and carries a breakfast to Miss —, a very frequent occurrence, accompanies Widow Cheney, now in her seventy-seventh year, to the railroad station and carries her baggage, visits the Colored Orphans' Shelter, visits Deacon Henley, "to see Amy Andrews," carries flowers to Mrs. Winsor, calls on Mrs. Annis, Mrs. Thurber, and Mrs. Paine. On August 6th she carries a hat to "a nice old man," and apples to an old colored lady. On September 1st she visits the State Farm, carrying with her for the inmates, "frosted cakes, apples, a bushel of peaches, and two pocket-handkerchiefs for Mrs. Hopkins, a poor insane woman."

The reference here made to the State Farm, and a little before to the Colored Orphans' Shelter,



suggests the remark that the various charitable institutions of Providence and Rhode Island were the recipients of numerous and frequent benefactions at the hands of Mrs. Sarle. In addition to "the Shelter" and the State Farm, the Providence Children's Mission, the Home for Aged Women, the Home for Aged Men, Butler Asylum for the Insane, and the City Hospital, were frequently visited by her, and seldom empty-handed. She usually went loaded with flowers, fruit, vegetables, or reading matter. Nor was her burden always dropped at the outside door. While she often committed to the officials of the institutions visited, the privilege of distributing the good things she had brought in quantity sufficient for all to share, yet she seldom departed without making some special hearts glad by the reception of particular benefits, thoughtfully provided for, and delicately adjusted to their individual needs.

The society for assisting discharged convicts found in her a warm friend and a willing helper. She walked uncounted miles for the purpose of collecting the greatest possible number of signatures to a petition to the Rhode Island General Assembly for the passage of a law prohibiting the sale of alcoholic drinks. The law was passed, though afterward repealed. But her life was one long, earnest, consistent protest against the drink curse.

## VIII.

### A LITTLE FOOT POWER.

LET it not be supposed that the writer in referring to various charitable institutions visited by Mrs. Sarle, has attempted to magnify a few perfunctory visits of our friend on state occasions of institutional dress parade, into the semblance of that sumptuous charity which never faileth, but beareth all things in its labors in behalf of the suffering and destitute. Spectacular charity, riding in a costly carriage to a banquet which it is about to enjoy at government expense in the State Almshouse; spectacular charity, seated in costly attire on a raised platform, surveying through gold-bowed eyeglasses, with immense self-satisfaction, the poor creatures who desire to be fed with the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table, was not Mrs. Sarle's forte.

She considered that if she had any particular calling in life it was to minister relief to actual suffering which others neglected to succor.

Therefore, from her point of view, it was not so much a question whether a woman in our day can

find anything to do, as whether she can find time to do everything.

Marvellous as were the number, variety, and magnitude of the undertakings which, like a flock she shepherded year after year, yet the thoroughness with which she nurtured each was more marvellous still. Any one of twenty objects which were her continuous care would seem to be enough to exhaust the energies of a single toiler. And every one of them, besides numberless occasional extras, seems to have been administered by her as if it were the only thing she had to do or to think of.

Miss Phebe Jackson, the honored president of the "Providence Association for the benefit of Colored Children," when asked her estimate of Mrs. Sarle, replied:

"I don't think enough can be said in praise of Mrs. Sarle. I think she went before everybody."

"Do you mean that she literally went before everybody in what she did for the Shelter?"

"I scarcely think," she rejoined, "that that would be too much to say. There was never anything we needed that she didn't help us get. She has walked miles and miles getting watchers. No one could begin to enumerate the things Mrs. Sarle has done for this Shelter."

Similar is the testimony of Mrs. A. G. Guild, matron of the Shelter since 1870. She had known Mrs.

Sarle ever since that time when she came bringing a lot of cranberries picked from her own marsh with her own hands. With the berries she brought a quantity of sugar sufficient to sweeten them, the money for purchasing which she had collected in twenty-five-cent subscriptions.

"When we had diphtheria here," said Mrs. Guild, "there were twenty cases among the children. No one would watch. Our president, Miss Jackson, and Mrs. Sarle, both knew our need, and both believed we would get assistance. Miss Jackson went home to pray over it. Mrs. Sarle commended the praying, and added, "*A little foot-power* will be needed to go with it. So while Miss Jackson prays, I will furnish the foot-power." Thus by the prayer of faith, and the feet of faith, the necessary nurses were secured. So it was also in July, 1881; when fifteen children were sick with whooping-cough, word was at once sent to the woman of faith and foot-power.

The annual report of the Shelter covering the time from May, 1880, to May, 1881, mentions Mrs. Amaraney Sarle first in its recognition of friendly helpers, as having "continued to show her warm interest in the Shelter, and as having solicited from friends funds to purchase a carpet and curtains for the matron's room, and also various articles of food in generous quantities."

Later in the report appears the recognition of her

entertaining the entire household on a summer day at her farm in Scituate, as in the previous year.

In the next annual report published May, 1882, we read, "Only a month ago we were called to mourn the departure of one of the warmest and most useful friends the Institution has ever had. No name has been seen so often on the list of its contributors, as that of Mrs. Amarancy Paine Sarle. And the number of persons whom she interested in its welfare is very great. Not content with obtaining the necessities of life for the family, she has been liberal in supplying them with fruits and fresh vegetables; often bringing them from quite a distance, at much personal inconvenience. One year ago Mrs. Sarle collected funds to purchase a carpet for the parlor, a lounge, dictionary, and globe. Not stopping with these valuable gifts, nearly every month has found her name on the list of donors."

Remember that this diploma only specifies some of the later acts of a service rendered during forty years.

A call at the Old Ladies' Home elicited from Mrs. H. L. Bryant, the assistant matron, the testimony that Mrs. Sarle was the most remarkable woman she ever met. "In what way?" "In every way. She was all good." "What! had she no faults?" "I never saw any. Her life was to do good. She was so self-sacrificing; she was very poor, yet the rich had confidence in

her. She brought many gifts here. Her last thought seemed to be for the Old Ladies' Home. She was buried on Easter Sunday, and she had directed her nephew to buy oranges enough for an Easter offering for all the old ladies at our Home." "What do you think was the mainspring of her interest in this Home?" "She was a Christian, and like her Master, went about doing good." "Did she ever talk religion to you?" "Not directly, that I remember, but her life was a continual sermon." Here one of the inmates, who had stepped quietly into the room, on hearing Mrs. Sarle's name mentioned, ventured to speak.

"Of course Mrs. Sarle knew that our matron is a Christian, and did not need to be taught, but she never called on me and any sister who are not believers, without speaking to us of the Savior and praying with us." "Do you like to talk about religion?" "Not generally; but I liked to hear *her* talk."

Some years before Mrs. Sarle's last visit to these old ladies, the matron, who had observed her extraordinary interest in assisting this excellent institution, said to her, "I hope we shall have the pleasure of receiving you as a permanent resident here, when your strength fails, and you need a home for your old age. You shall have as good a room as there is in the house any time you want to come." With

a droll twinkle in her eye, and a funny little gesture, peculiar to herself, Mrs. Sarle replied :

“O, I should never be contented to live in a house where I could not see a coat and hat hanging up behind the door!”

She was at that time tenderly caring for the needs of her two aged half-brothers, who had been widowers many years, and who then lived in a small tenement together, in Providence, until a painful disease, terminated by death, called Thomas away.

In the autumn of 1872 a Free Reading Room and Public Library were opened in Olneyville for the purpose of furnishing a much needed public literary resort for the benefit of the four or five thousand people in that part of Providence and Johnston. The funds for sustaining this enterprise had to be, and still have to be collected by private solicitation from the benevolent. In this work of raising funds Mrs. Sarle has, from the first, borne honorable part.

Early in November, 1873, the entire number of operatives employed in the two principal Olneyville factories, were suddenly thrown out of employment by the abrupt closing of the Atlantic Delaine, and Riverside Mills, in the village. Over two thousand bread-earners were thus shut out from their labor and their wages, by the panic following upon the sudden, but inevitable collapse of the Sprague bubble, and the suspension of five Rhode Island banks. The

operatives in the Delaine Mill, numbering over seventeen hundred, received notice of the intention to close the mill about fifteen minutes before the suspension occurred, and the notice was accompanied by a vague rumor that the works would probably start again in about two weeks. In two weeks, however, the Riverside Mills stopped running, and the time of starting up both factories was indefinitely put forward. It was several years before the Delaine Mills resumed operation.

The operatives, from whom two weeks' wages had been kept back, encouraged by the delusive expectation that the mills would soon start again, remained in Olneyville until many of them had literally devoured the means of departure, exhausted their credit at the stores, and found themselves and families in utter destitution, with midwinter approaching.

The Olneyville Relief Society was organized to meet this emergency. Of course, Mrs. Sarle was appointed chairman of the Relief Committee. Over a thousand dollars in cash, besides large quantities of provisions, clothing, and fuel were received and disbursed between December, 1873, and March, 1874, by this committee, who carefully investigated the condition and circumstances of each family that received aid. This investigation required over eight hundred visits to be made. Over seven hundred of these visits were made by Mrs. Sarle.



The Relief Society occupied a small house near the centre of Olneyville, and dispensed therefrom soup, vegetables, and clothing. During the severest weather more than fifty families a day availed themselves of this charity, Mrs. Sarle dividing her time between the labor required at the relief house, and visiting. Her salary for this, as for all her other missionary labors, was all negotiated in drafts made payable at sight on the Bank of Heaven, reading variously: "Thank you!" "May God reward you, for I can't!" "I will pray for you as long as I live." "I don't know what we should have done but for this help. I believe God sent you!"

The rumsellers of Olneyville, numbering eighty-five within a radius of half a mile, found that their patrons were not permitted to directly handle cash which had been contributed to the Relief Society, and attempted, with their sympathizers, to bring the work of that Society into discredit by publishing the complaint that its aid was confined to radical temperance people, and that it discriminated against Romanists. Whereupon the Society briefly replied with a few remarks of sufficiently general interest to warrant reproduction here.

"The Committee of the Olneyville Relief Society beg leave to explain one or two points respecting which their course seems to be misunderstood.

"The wisest philanthropists regard it as extremely

doubtful whether alms in any form should be dispensed to the persistent patrons of the grog shops. They are of the opinion that a Washingtonian Home or a State Farm is the proper place for such applicants. But it is the plainest truism made familiar to every citizen by daily experience, that *the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is the one great cause of poverty*; and the problem which confronted our society on the very threshold of its organization was, how can the deplorable effects of destitution in Olneyville be abated, without increasing the pernicious *cause* of that destitution. For we saw that to call on the industrious, and sober, and thrifty part of our population to contribute of their substance to the obstinately idle and profligate, would be but to add fresh fuel to those wasting fires in whose cinders and ashes half our population now sit. Therefore the Olneyville Relief Society voted to request all persons applying for aid to sign the total abstinence pledge. At the same time the committee were instructed to act according to the best of their discretion in the case of any persons who were unwilling to sign the pledge. Notwithstanding this has been the openly avowed policy of the Society, more than nine tenths of all the persons applying for aid, and whose families have actually received aid, have been addicted to the use of intoxicating drink.

“In reply to the second criticism which has been

published against our Society, that it is sectarian in its work, and discriminates unfairly against the foreign Catholic population, the committee submit the simple statement of the various nationalities of the families aided, as taken from their register :

American. . . . .	8	German . . . . .	7
African . . . . .	1	Irish . . . . .	106
English . . . . .	19	Scotch . . . . .	3
French . . . . .	3	Unknown . . . . .	2

"In conclusion we gratefully acknowledge in behalf of the poor the generous donations of money, clothing, and provisions which have been received, and beg that it may be remembered that the expenses attending the dinner-house are very great, and are constantly increasing.

"Fifty-eight families are now supplied daily, representing about three hundred persons. . . . .

AMARANCY SARLE,

*Chairman of Relief Committee."*

"*I think,*" said a lady to Mrs. H—, of Olneyville, "that Mrs. Sarle lays up money."

This lady knew that Mrs. Sarle paid no rent, spent no money on her own clothing, which was seldom, if ever renewed, except by friends from their own wardrobes, walked to and fro oftener than she rode, and taking hold with her hands to assist in the housework, was always a welcome lodger at the house of

her brother Olney, or niece and nephew in Providence. Moreover, this lady knew that Mrs. Sarle had the life use of a farm, was a welcome visitor in hundreds of houses in various parts of Rhode Island, and that she had warm friends in other States. The lady's conjecture was correct, but in a sense differing from that which she had in mind.

One might live a lifetime without meeting another person who so earnestly coveted the best gifts, had learned the more excellent way, and who exhibited such marvellous zeal and skill in laying up treasures for herself in heaven, where neither moth nor rust could corrupt, and where thieves cannot break through nor steal.

Pope tells us :

Hence different passions more or less inflame,  
As strong or weak the organs of the frame,  
And hence one master passion in the breast  
Like Aaron's serpent swallows up the rest.

This is often enough illustrated in regard to laying up treasure for one's self in this world by such incidents as that told of a wealthy broker who retired to obscure life in Canada, a number of years ago, for the purpose of escaping the taxes of a New England city. But a sharp-scented secretary of a great benevolent society found him out and persuaded him at eighty years of age, to execute a legacy of

two hundred thousand dollars in favor of that society. This legacy was to be paid from the estate of the testator after his death, on condition that the society paid Mr. D. during his life an annuity of ten per cent., or twenty thousand dollars per annum. As Mr. D. is still living after the lapse of twenty years, and is supposed to have received within that time four hundred and eighty thousand dollars from the Society, on the strength of the promise to pay it two hundred thousand dollars when death claims him, it may be readily concluded that as a child of this world, he has been wise in his generation.

Not less masterful was the passion of doing good to others, which colored the whole fabric of the life of that child of light, Amarancy Paine Sarle.

In a pecuniary point of view, it is doubtful whether her revenue from the farm ever amounted to anything more than her use of rooms, fuel, apples, cherries, and the berries which her own hands picked. But the conversion of her tenant to a genuine faith in Christ, and his abandonment of former habits of self-poisoning by alcohol and tobacco, and the joy of assisting to train their little boy and girl were returns which she prized far more than any money receipts.

Occasionally she was asked, "Why do you not rent your farm to another tenant, who will work it so as to make it pecuniarily profitable for you?" "Then what would become of Mr. S. and his

family?" was her invariable reply. He should be a shrewd manager who would make that farm pay a larger income than it returned under Mrs. Sarle's handling. Only God knows the full measure of blessing derived from her life-use of her husband's bequest.

It was her delight to keep her spare chamber occupied with guests during the summer months, whom she served with her own hands, as if housekeeping were the most delightful of all occupations. For years it was her aged mother; then a sister, a niece, a cousin, a country neighbor; this week an invalid friend, the next, two lady school teachers from Providence; then her pastor and his wife from Olneyville, who spent two summer vacations of delicious rest there. Then all the occupants of some charitable institution in Providence visited her for a day.

Mrs. Sarle's manner of life in the country showed that she was to the manner born. By four o'clock in the morning she was stirring, flitting to and fro between the cottages, as nimbly and merrily as a girl of sixteen, cooking the breakfast, learning verses of Scripture, reciting snatches of poetry, endless stanzas of which she seemed to have at her tongue's end, and tossing crumbs to the birds.

Later in the day, when the dew was off, she was away in the pasture or meadow picking straw-

berries, blueberries, blackberries, or raspberries for her guests to eat in short-cake and pies, or with cream.

Hundreds of quarts of these berries, in their season, were brought by her own hands to her numerous beneficiaries in private homes and public institutions in Providence.

No miser ever clutched his gold more eagerly than she seized upon the opportunities such as surround us all, of doing good to those who could not recompense her again. Multitudes learned through her the blessing of receiving, and still she grasped with holy avarice, the greater blessedness of giving. Above this deep, strong, swift current of serious life-purpose, there played many a rippling breeze of laughter, and sparkled no little bubbling, sun-lit fun.

"A colored farm-hand called on one of our neighbors the other morning, when the family were at breakfast, and was asked to sit up to the table and eat with them.

"He thanked them, and said,—'I have been to breakfast.' 'Did you have all the breakfast you want?' asked the farmer. 'No,' rejoined the negro, 'I never did have all I wanted to eat.' 'Sit up, then,' said the host, 'and eat all you want for once.' Three times the hungry man moved back his chair, and three times the farmer, on receiving the same reply as at first, insisted on his guest

sitting up again to the table, and satisfying his mouth with the good things which the farmer's wife heaped upon the platters. Slowly and reluctantly the man at last moved back again the fourth time. 'Have you eaten all you want now?' inquired the persistent farmer. 'No!' stubbornly rejoined the negro, 'but — my jaw is tired!'

"J. F. has just married Widow — for his second wife, and bought him a new buggy. He says that he has now got a buggy and wife that he is not ashamed to go to *funerals* with!"

One of the escaped slaves who came to Amarancy in the anti-slavery days, had been joined by a number of others from contiguous plantations. I asked him, "How happens it that so many of the slaves get away at Christmas?" "Oh," said he, "the masters are not so *mispicious* at Christmas time!"



## IX.

### THE VICTORY.

INTO the furrows ploughed by our civil war across the dominion of the Southern States, Christian educators hastened to drop the seeds of peace and of a prosperity rooted in righteousness.

At Harper's Ferry, W. V., where the united streams of the Cumberland and Potomac burst through the Blue Ridge, the key position to the former slaveholding States which John Brown planned and fought to occupy in his single-handed assault upon slavery, the Free Baptists have planted Storer College, and, as many other educators in the South, since the war, have been obliged to do, came North for funds to sustain and enlarge their work. Mrs. Sarle added to her list of charitable enterprises the work of collecting money for furnishing a room in this college, to be known as the Martin Cheney Room, in honor of the founder and first pastor of the Olneyville church.

In 1670 an attempt was made to plant a Plato's Republic as modelled by John Locke, on the Island

of Beaufort in South Carolina. The schemes and the names of Greek and English philosophers combined, were as powerless to rear a thriving colony on that fertile tract, as had been the efforts of Huguenot adventurers during twenty years preceding, under the patronage of Admiral de Coligny, assisted by royal favor, to gain a permanent foothold at Fort Caroline. In 1690, French Huguenots, fleeing from the renewed persecutions which befel them in Europe on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, settled on the Island of Beaufort, and built fortifications on the bluff overlooking the river, as a defense against the Spaniards of Florida, who deliberately assassinated all European dissenters from the Romish sect in America, whom they could overpower by numbers or circumvent by treachery.

On this historic ground, a mile from town, near the bluff, soon after the close of the war, a widow lady established an industrial school for colored orphans, which, as appears by a letter to Mrs. Sarle, dated March 26, 1870, she succeeded at length in housing in "roomy, substantial buildings," located on "ten acres of good land." In this letter, Mrs. Mather, informing her friend somewhat explicitly of the situation and condition of her school, says:

"A mile from us is the National cemetery where sleep thirteen thousand of our Northern soldiers. Near by is the old Rhett mansion where the ordi-

nance of secession was first drawn up. It was the abode of the rebel secretary, but is now in ruins, and the abode of owls and bats. Here the soldiers pitched their tents, and here was the terminus of Sherman's heroic march. My family of orphans now comprises only twelve. Two have just left me, one to teach school. Three of my children are now employed as teachers, one on St. Helena, one on Hall Island, and the other on this Island. Two of these are employed by the school commissioner in the free public schools which have just been established in this district. These were my pupils last year, but the one who has just left me has been with me ever since the commencement of my enterprise here. He came into my family a ragged, ignorant, bashful boy, but he was a Christian, and improved his privileges, learned books and business rapidly, and is now transformed into a dignified, intelligent, reliable young man, whom all, both white and colored, highly esteem. This lad went to Hall Island to visit his relatives. The poor, ignorant freedmen gathered round him, perfectly astonished at his improvement, and proud that one of their kin could read and write so well, and they besought him at once to come and teach their many untutored children what he knew. I fitted him out with books, papers, pencils, etc., as well as I could, and he has gone to this benighted island where there is a dense population, almost as

ignorant, degraded and superstitious as their African progenitors. They have never had a school, missionary, or teacher on this island, and were in danger of relapsing into barbarism."

Of all the many objects of charity which appealed to the restless beneficence of Saint Indefatigable, perhaps none more fully embodied her poetic ideal than the school of Mrs. Mather. Planted on this ancient stamping ground of exiles for religious liberty, in full view of the crumbling ruins, now tenanted by moles and bats, of that proud mansion where slavery had so recently cradled secession, an industrial school for colored freedmen's orphans, begun and carried on by a solitary woman, on the spot where Sherman closed his victorious march, and near the graves of thirteen thousand union soldiers! What wonder that Mrs. Sarle constituted herself a Rhode Island Board of Missions for assisting such an enterprise?

In the year 1871, a letter from Mrs. Mather acknowledged the collection by Mrs. Sarle during the year before, of more than two hundred dollars for her school. Subsequent letters confessed that three fourths of the revenues of the school during some periods were derived from this woman's devoted labors, continued year after year.

Meanwhile the school itself, besides graduating teachers to carry on the good work of instructing the freedmen in various parts of the South, and

training many colored servants for domestic positions in Northern families, had achieved the greater victory of conquering the prejudices and winning the goodwill and admiration of the citizens of South Carolina, and in January, 1882, it was presented by the State Legislature with an Act of Incorporation in accordance with the recommendation of the representatives of Beaufort County.

At this time, Mrs. Mather's family of orphan children consisted of eighteen, and her school numbered nearly two hundred. What a victory for the friends of the slave!

One can imagine that the feelings of Mrs. Sarle as she read that letter dated January 28, 1882, written on the back of "A Bill to incorporate the Mather Industrial School," passed by the General Assembly of the State which twenty years before led the van of secession, might have been not inaptly expressed in the words of aged Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." The letter contains the usual acknowledgments of money received from the joint contributions of the Olneyville and Greenville Free Baptist Sunday-schools through the continued intervention of Mrs. Sarle, who had just passed her sixty-ninth birthday, and who was soon to lay off forever her many burdens, though no one suspected it.

Steady of purpose, burning in zeal, cool in judgment, rapid in action, brimful of a courage that feared only to offend God, and of that perseverance which is peculiar to saints, "patient continuance in well-doing," we thought her mountain would stand strong for another generation, as we heard her rally one and another halting comrade by the recital of the hymn by Thomas MacKellar :

Bear the burden of the present,  
Let the morrow bear its own;  
If the morning sky be pleasant  
Why the coming night bemoan ?

If the darkened heavens lower,  
Wrap thy cloak around thy form ;  
Though the tempest rise in power,  
God is mightier than the storm.

Steadfast faith, and hope unshaken,  
Animate the trusting breast,  
Step by step the journey's taken  
Nearer to the land of rest.

All unseen, the Master walketh  
By the toiling servant's side;  
Comfortable words he talketh,  
While his hands uphold and guide.

Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow,  
Rends thy breast to him unknown;  
He to-day, and he to-morrow,  
Grace sufficient gives his own.

Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,  
Long endurance wins the crown;  
When the evening shadows lengthen,  
Thou shalt lay the burden down.

After all, the indomitable spirit dwelt in an earthen vase, deftly wrought, but delicate, fine in grain and well-fashioned, but of fragile material.

One day, in the spring of 1881, our Saint stood on the corner of Chestnut and Pine streets, in Providence, having in mind so many things to do, she knew not which of them to do first, and feeling so tired, she knew not how to do any of them, as she looked wearily up and down the two streets.

Just then a little girl came running up to her, and asking, "Would you like a card?" dropped it in her hand. Mechanically taking the card, and thanking the child, Mrs. Sarle read the printed text, "And let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." She looked for the little girl, but she had vanished as quickly as she appeared. Not so the words, which were to the way-worn pilgrim as a cup of cold water to a thirsty soul; and like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. For twelve months longer the swift shuttle of her busy life flew noiselessly through the intricate web of the aged, sick, destitute, and suffering souls in Providence, Pawtucket, Pawtuxet, Greenville, Johnston, and Manton, weaving into the dark background of their lives the bright patterns of love, and hope, and courage, and faithful continuance in well-doing, through sun and rain, cold and heat, wet and dry.

A hacking cough began to be heard. Friends were alarmed and would fain have held her back from meeting her multiplex engagements. But intent upon finishing the work which was given her to do, she only quickened her pace, until the goal was reached. She had wrought in obedience to the admonition contained in her report before the Fifteenth Annual Meeting of the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society: "Let us work and be faithful to our trust, so that at our last hour our labors will be finished, and we shall have nothing to do but to die."

She alone was aware that her work was finished and that now nothing remained for her to do but to lie down and sleep in the hope of a glorious resurrection.

As for her friends, alas! We had fondly imagined that she would continue to exhibit this miracle of Christian activity twenty or thirty years longer, even though we knew that she had been burning the candle of mortal life at both ends during more than fifty years.

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Rev. xiv: 13.



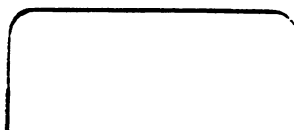








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